

Andover News.

WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 3, 1891.

ARTIFICIAL COFFEE.

A Swedish Swindle, with Headquarters in Philadelphia.

"Lactoserin!" What is it? 'Tis an imitation of coffee—swedish imitation, too—and it comes from Sweden. It looks like coffee and smells like coffee, but it isn't coffee, and consumers will, in the future, do well to look to what they are buying, as otherwise they may be made the victims of a remunerative Swedish "joke"—remunerative to the gentlemanly perpetrator in Sweden. The difference between genuine coffee and its Swedish imitation is very pronounced when the test is applied—the test of taste. The imitation looks like the genuine article, but does not taste like it. As soon as it is cracked by the teeth it resolves itself into small particles in the mouth. With a view to finding out something about the imitation, a reporter for the Blade called on Mr. Woolson, of the Woolson Spice Company, last evening, and asked him regarding it. "We have received several communications and samples of the coffee," said he, "but have paid no attention to them. The imitation is, of course, a fraud—a, e., so far as it being equal to genuine coffee is concerned—and it may for a little time interfere in some degree with the legitimate coffee trade. One of our men last week visited a regular customer and asked, as usual, for an order. The dealer told him he had bought coffee cheaper elsewhere and had made more money on it than he could on ours. Our agent wanted to see the coffee. After examining the package produced, and finding the contents to be a mixture he purchased it, and here it is." The inventor of the "new coffee," Wm. Rehnstrom, of Stockholm, Sweden, some days ago wrote a letter, it is learned, to the Dowling Manufacturing Company of Philadelphia, in which he says he is glad his invention is getting on so well in the United States, and in which he declares it to be a merchandise just as good as it is valuable. He adds that by adding Lactoserin to coffee "we have values in millions. The production of coffee is limited—of Lactoserin unlimited, or the less coffee, add the more Lactoserin." The Dowling Manufacturing Company have a corner on the new merchandise, and are flooding the country with sample packages, and with each of which goes a letter announcing that their long negotiations with the representatives of Mr. William Rehnstrom, of Stockholm, Sweden, have been successfully concluded, and that henceforth the exclusive use in the United States rests with them for "Lactoserin" for and in combination with coffee. Here Mr. Woolson emptied the contents of the package on the table and leveled the pile. He then placed his hand on it, and raised it quickly. "You see," said he, with a smile of triumph, "that the genuine coffee of the mixture will stick to the palm, the imitation won't. They cannot put the gloss on the bogus article that beautifies the genuine." "Is the gloss put on coffee during the process of roasting it or afterwards?" "Afterwards. But go on about 'Lactoserin,' it may be said that it is liable to become a dangerous article in the coffee trade, unless steps are taken to regulate it. I do not think it can be suppressed at once, as its inventor, William Rehnstrom, of Stockholm, Sweden, has patents on it in this country. The berry of the imitation, you see, is much heavier than the genuine, but it lacks the gloss, and the crease is not like that of nature's production. The imitation will be manufactured at 10 cents per pound. A half pound of coffee at 25 cents and a half of 'Lactoserin' at 10 would make a pound of mixture worth 17 1/2 cents. It would sell readily at 25 cents, as the people know nothing of the new article, and having been paying 27 cents a pound, and the profit to the seller would be 9 cents. This is quite an item, when it is taken into consideration that there is very little, if anything, made on coffee by the retail dealer. The genuine article costs him 25, and he grinds and sells it for 27. The temptation to make something will probably prove so strong that a good deal of 'Lactoserin' will be sold. In ground coffee it cannot easily be detected, as it has the color and odor of the genuine." "What do you think 'Lactoserin' is made of, Mr. Woolson?" "Probably mostly flour, though I do not know. It is made of flour, it is not dangerous, but it cannot be determined what its ingredients are. It may be a kind of clay.—*Toledo Blade.*

Patrol.

Surely it is better to be mistaken in the bare facts regarding our heroes than to have no such divinities to worship.

"Well, Uncle Mose," said a lady, "I hear you have another pair of twins at your house."

"Yess, missus, yes we has. Bress dey little hearts!"

"Have you named them yet?"

"Yess'm. Done named 'em aftah two ob de fust presidents ob dis country."

"Indeed! What two?"

"Ole Christof Columbus and Juleyanus Ciesar, ma'am. We're great on namin' de children fo' de presidents 't our house.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Grape-Vine Covering Five Acres.

A Crossville, Tenn., local paper publishes a description of a single grape-vine on the McCor Burn, near Big Bras.

MONDAY, the winds over the lake of Geneva. It blows only on alternate days.

MOORE.

That swallows the night sons of mirth in your bow.

Then think of the friend who once welcomed the.

And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.

Of the law that have by ghentled his pathway of pain.

But he never will forget the short vision that

I threw

Its enchantment around him while lingering with you.

Love, nursed among pleasures, is faithless as they.

But the love born of sorrow, like sorrow, is true.

There world is all a fleeting show,

For man's illusion given.

The smiles of joy, the tears of woe

Desertful shine, deceitful flow,

There's nothing true but heaven.

Who'd have spoilt you till hardly a drop, my old purpose.

Of pure golden claret is left in your corpus.

Play'd round every subject, and shone as it shined.

Whose who in the combat, as gentle as bright,

Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade.

Philip Raynor's Bride.

MAJOR VILLARS' FATAL MISTAKE.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

CHAPTER XXX.—(Continued.)

Just as they gained the lower hall, there came the tramp of heavy footsteps across the sardana, and the house door was flung violently open.

"It is master!" gasped Rosine, her teeth chattering. "Quick, my good woman—this way. You must hide yourself!"

Too late. Major Villars and Guy Mandeville strode into the hall; dragging Toinette between them.

Mrs. Griffin caught a momentary glimpse of the girl's face, and staggered against the wall, a cry of irrefragable terror breaking from her lips.

"Merciful heaven!" she gasped, falling into the very natural mistake of including the newcomer with the child she had confided to Mrs. Ryan's care seventeen years before. "The other one! Now they are both in the clutches of that wretch."

Major Villars saw the cowering figure, caught indistinctly the muttered words, and sprang at her, an angry scowl darkening his brow.

"Who the d— are you? What are you doing here?"

Mrs. Griffin shook and quivered so in his grasp all his suspicions were confirmed. With one sweep of his hand he tore off the flimsy disguise under which she had thought to hide her identity.

"You stupid, meddling fool, so you have betrayed me!" he hissed, instantly divining the truth.

"Don't kill me!" gasped the terrified woman.

He flung her furiously from him, and she fell prostrate at his feet.

Dulcie had heard the confusion, and came flying down the stairs.

She was so overcome at the unexpected sight of Toinette, after the revelation that had just been made, as to forget everything else for a moment.

She tottered forward in a state of intense and terrible excitement, and clasped her arms about the startled girl.

"Do you know that we are sisters?" she asked, a pathetic quiver in her voice. "Be my friend. My life has been so lonely, so desolate. Try to love me a little."

Toinette held her at arm's length, a sickly look creeping over her face.

"You are mad! What are you saying? Sisters?"

"Even so," said Major Villars, mockingly. "Concealment was no longer possible, and the truth would come as gracefully from his lips as from another's. "You are twin sisters. It was the irony of fate that threw you in each other's way. There is something past comprehension in the workings of Providence. Of course you will embrace, forget you were rivals, and be wholly devoted to each other."

"Never!" gasped Toinette, freeing herself roughly from those clinging arms. "I have no sister—I refuse to recognize the tie. It is my nature to love with a desperate love, and hate with a relentless hate. I see in this girl only the bitterness which has wrecked and ruined my life."

Then, whiter than death, her velvety eyes dilating, she swept past them all up the thickly carpeted stairs, and shut herself in one of the rooms above.

Dulcie's agonizing sobs broke forth. Her lonely heart had hungered for a sister's love. It was very hard to be so scornfully repulsed.

"Go back to your room," Major Villars said, after looking at her a moment in silence. "You will learn later what course I intend to pursue, so far as you are concerned. As for this fatling woman—"

He stopped, gasping with amazement. The spot was vacant where Mrs. Griffin had been crouching a moment before. Taking advantage of his preoccupation, she had stolen away.

"Let her go," he muttered. "She has done me all the harm in her power."

Dulcie crept trembling back to the pretty boudoir. Rosine, shaking with excitement, would have followed her in, but the distressed girl refused to admit her.

"I am very wretched—I want time to collect my thoughts," she said. "Leave me to myself."

A half hour wore on, and as Dulcie sat with her head sunk forward on her arms, a low imperative knock sounded on the door. "She opened it and Toinette entered."

"It is unusual to be compelled to knock like a stranger before entering my own boudoir," Toinette said, with a throaty laugh. "But this is a world of changes. The most unexpected things are constantly occurring to surprise and startle us. Who ever dreamed that kindred blood flowed in our veins, notwithstanding our marvelous likeness to each other?"

Dulcie held out her arms impatiently.

"Try to love me," she pleaded. "We stand almost alone in the world. We seem so terrible for reasons that are bitter and vindictive feelings. I would do anything for you."

Toinette wiped her eyes. "Anything?" she repeated, a brassy glitter lighting her eyes.

"Yes, anything."

"Will you keep up the deception a few hours longer? Be Toinette, and let me take your name and identity? I wish it very much."

Major Villars knew.

Toinette impatiently interrupted. "Nonsense! Au contraire, you are easily done. I will remain here, and you must go to the room across the corridor I have just vacated. Do you consent?"

A startling pause, and Dulcie softly answered:

"Yes, since you wish it."

She never dreamed what that little word of assent would cost one of them.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE LAST STROKE.

Major Villars had gone straight to his library, shutting himself in, and begun pacing restlessly up and down the floor.

A crisis had come in his affairs, where desperate remedies must be employed. "Dulcie will demand half the fortune Bertrand Lynton left in my charge, now she knows all; and Philip Raynor will see that her rights are enforced," he muttered, scowling and biting his lips. "How can I give up such a sum? The income is barely sufficient now to maintain Guy and myself in the luxurious style of living that has become so necessary to our happiness."

Presently, as he walked up and down, gnawing like a wild beast at his lips, a dark smile broke over his evil face. A plan to rid himself of ones and forever of Dulcie had been suggested to his scheming brain.

"I believe it could be done without even the shadow of suspicion falling upon me," he muttered.

It was now nearly nine o'clock. Manders had been dismissed from his post; the house was still. Major Villars opened the library door, and after listening a moment, stole with fleet, noiseless steps to the boudoir above and entered unceremoniously.

Toinette sat near the open window, her face in her hands. She looked up with a startled air at the sound of that cautious tread. Major Villars noticed the marble pallor of her face, the strange expression in her dark blue eyes. These were easily accounted for after the exciting scenes through which she had passed. He never doubted but that it was Dulcie upon whom he gazed.

"I have a message for you," he said, sinking his voice to a whisper. "Mr. Raynor has sent for his wife. He implores you to come to him at once. He wants Dulcie, the peerless woman he married, not the impostor who tried to steal her rights. He begs you to arise every thought or fear that has alienated you, and trust in his love. Will you do it?"

Toinette sprang up. She had been revolving other plans, but they could wait a little. How thankful she felt now for the impulse that had led her to change places with Dulcie only a few minutes before.

"Yes, yes," she answered, quivering with excitement. "Where is Philip? Let me go to him instantly."

"Hush! The Major breathed, lifting his finger warningly. "Toinette must not know until you are so far from here there is no hope of overtaking you. She loves Philip so desperately she would hesitate at no act of madness that promised to separate you two. Ask your husband to take you abroad at once. When you are gone, and Toinette realizes the hopelessness of her passion, she will become reconciled to the inevitable. Remain in the world a year or more. Take my word for it, when you come back your sister will be ready to receive you with open arms."

At any other time Toinette's suspicions might have been aroused. But now she only thought the villain meant to make the best of the situation by getting Dulcie away from the house, under her husband's protection, and compelling her (Toinette) to marry Guy as soon as the coast was clear.

"Where is Philip?" she cried again, in hoarse, excited tones.

"Hush! Be patient. I will take you to him. But we must be cautious. If Toinette hears us there will be a scene. There is a little door leading down from the end of the balcony. Here is the key. Lock the door behind me as I go out, and leave the house that way. In five minutes you will find me waiting at the foot of the balcony stairs. You understand?"

"Yes, yes."

"Again I implore you to be cautious." Major Villars had laid his plans with delicate care. The locked door, with the key inside, would make it appear that the girl had stolen away by herself. No one had seen him go to the boudoir or leave it. Even the most rigid inquiry must fail to connect him with the crime he had planned.

Toinette was waiting in the garden when he crept cautiously out at a side door. Her beautiful face looked like marble in the pale starlight.

"Quick!" he said, with more nervous excitement than he had yet shown. "Mr. Raynor is waiting on the bluff by the river. I persuaded him to go there. He was ready to do anything I asked. I had promised to restore Dulcie to him."

He heard a deep-drawn breath as of exultation, but even then his suspicious were not aroused. He was laboring under an intense excitement, only equalled by Toinette's own repressed emotion.

They walked rapidly side by side for some distance, and finally reached the bluff—a bleak, dreary spot, covered with low bushes. There was a sheer descent of many feet on the river side—a narrow stretch of shingly rock, then the starlit water itself.

Toinette glanced eagerly all round. She was surprised that Philip had not come to meet her. No one was in sight. Then she looked at Major Villars. His face was livid. For the first time a thrill of fear shot through her heart.

"Why—what does it mean?"

The sentence trailed off in an agonizing cry. The villain suddenly sprang upon her with mad eyes, making a hissing sound between his teeth, and flung her over the dizzy edge of the precipice.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE FURTHER.

Ten o'clock had struck before Toinette was missed from the bluff. On returning from his quarters over the hills, Philip Raynor had spent the evening pacing up

and down the terraces, pining moodily at his cigar.

"The promise to accept the impostor as his wife was costing him dear."

Every instinct of his nature prompted him to shrink from the beautiful siren. He could not have told what he missed; what was lacking; but the warning voice of his heart kept assuring him she was not Dulcie.

"I must be mad to doubt in the face of such evidence," he muttered at last, brushing the cold, glittering beads from his forehead. "Toinette is not so infatuated as to persist in a deception that must eventually recoil upon herself; and Dulcie would never lend herself to anything of the sort. I promised to give up my doubts, and I must keep that pledge."

He entered the house and encountered Mrs. Rusk in the hall.

"Go to my wife's drawing-room," he said, in a rather husky voice, "and ask her to come down to the library for a few moments."

The housekeeper glanced at him curiously. She had her own misgivings, never having been able to overcome a lurking distrust of the beautiful woman who now claimed to be her mistress.

"He is going to yield," she muttered, uneasily. "Constant dropping wears the hardest stone away." He is weary of the struggle. But I am not convinced. I wish I could say something to influence him."

But there was the bare possibility she might be mistaken; and it is a delicate matter meddling between husband and wife.

So she went to perform the mission upon which she had been sent.

Five minutes later Mrs. Rusk came flying down stairs, pale and excited.

"Something is wrong!" she exclaimed. "Your wife's suite of rooms are dark. I've been through them all. There's nobody there. They look as if they had been deserted for hours."

Philip was startled. He went hastily to see for himself.

It was as the housekeeper had said. The dreary loneliness of the rooms indicated they had not been occupied at all that evening.

Where was Dulcie, or Toinette? Whichever was the rightful name to use?

Calling up the servants he made hasty inquiries concerning their mistress.

One of the maids remembered seeing her go alone into the garden late in the afternoon. One of the men had passed Major Villars's close carriage in the high road at about the same hour.

Putting the two circumstances together, Philip jumped to the conclusion that his so-called wife had been taken forcibly to Bonnyville Hall.

A half hour later he was ringing at his neighbor's door.

He did not stop to ask himself why Major Villars should wish to get both girls into his clutches. That could be explained afterward.

A light was burning in a room on the ground-floor.

The Major himself opened the door. His face looked ghastly in the dim glow that pervaded the hall. He said abruptly, before Philip could speak:

"You have come for your wife?"

"Yes; she is here? What do you mean by that?"

Major Villars silenced him with a gesture.

"There is no need to say more. I am willing to tell you all. I brought Dulcie here against her will. I have been racked by doubts, and meant to convince myself which was Dulcie, which Toinette. I am now satisfied. Keep your hands off me. I have no wish to detain Mrs. Raynor here. You can take her away at once, if you so desire."

"Of course I shall take my wife home with me," Philip answered, indignantly. "To-morrow will be soon enough to call you to account for what you have done."

No notice was taken of the covert threat. Major Villars spoke to Manders, who suddenly appeared at the lower end of the hall.

"Go to Mrs. Raynor's room—you know which it is, the boudoir and connecting suite that were Toinette's—and say her husband has come for her."

A few seconds of suspense and Manders' startled voice sounded from the upper hall, after a noisy interval of loud rapping and calling.

"Come up. I can get no answer; the key is turned on the inside."

Two or three excited leaps took Philip to the door where Manders waited. The Major followed more slowly, still deadly pale, a look of growing horror in his eyes.

Philip put his shoulder to the door and burst in from its frail fastenings. Springing into the boudoir he called Dulcie's name in agonizing tones. No answer.

One of the long French windows stood open. He flew out upon the balcony and found the door opening upon the garden staircase ajar.

"She is gone!" he exclaimed.

"I hope no harm has befallen her," Major Villars said, with seeming earnestness.

Philip looked at him, clenching and unclenching his hands.

"You are responsible for this. Come, you villain; help me find my poor darling." The Major made no demur. Guy Mandeville joined them in the lower hall, looking dazed and stupefied; for he had no clear idea as to what had occurred; he had simply been disturbed by the unusual commotion.

They went first to Highlands, but found no tidings of the missing girl; she had not reached there during Philip's absence, as he faintly hoped.

The search went on. A pale, watery moon rose in the eastern sky to illumine the way.

Major Villars would have remained aloof from the bluff, but some fatality turned Philip's steps in that direction almost immediately.

There, on the flat, shingly rocks below, he saw a huddled heap, bearing a faint resemblance to a human form, the silvery water kissing the hem of a flowing robe.

By making a wide detour he was enabled to reach the spot. Guy and the Major followed, the latter reluctantly.

But the least show of weakness might turn against him.

It was Philip who first reached the poor bruised creature, and lifted the aching head, with all its wealth of sunny curls, to a resting-place upon his shoulder.

Toinette was breathing faintly, but the livid pallor of death was on her blood-stained face.

"I shall be in your arms," she said, gaspingly. "Thank God—I prayed for that."